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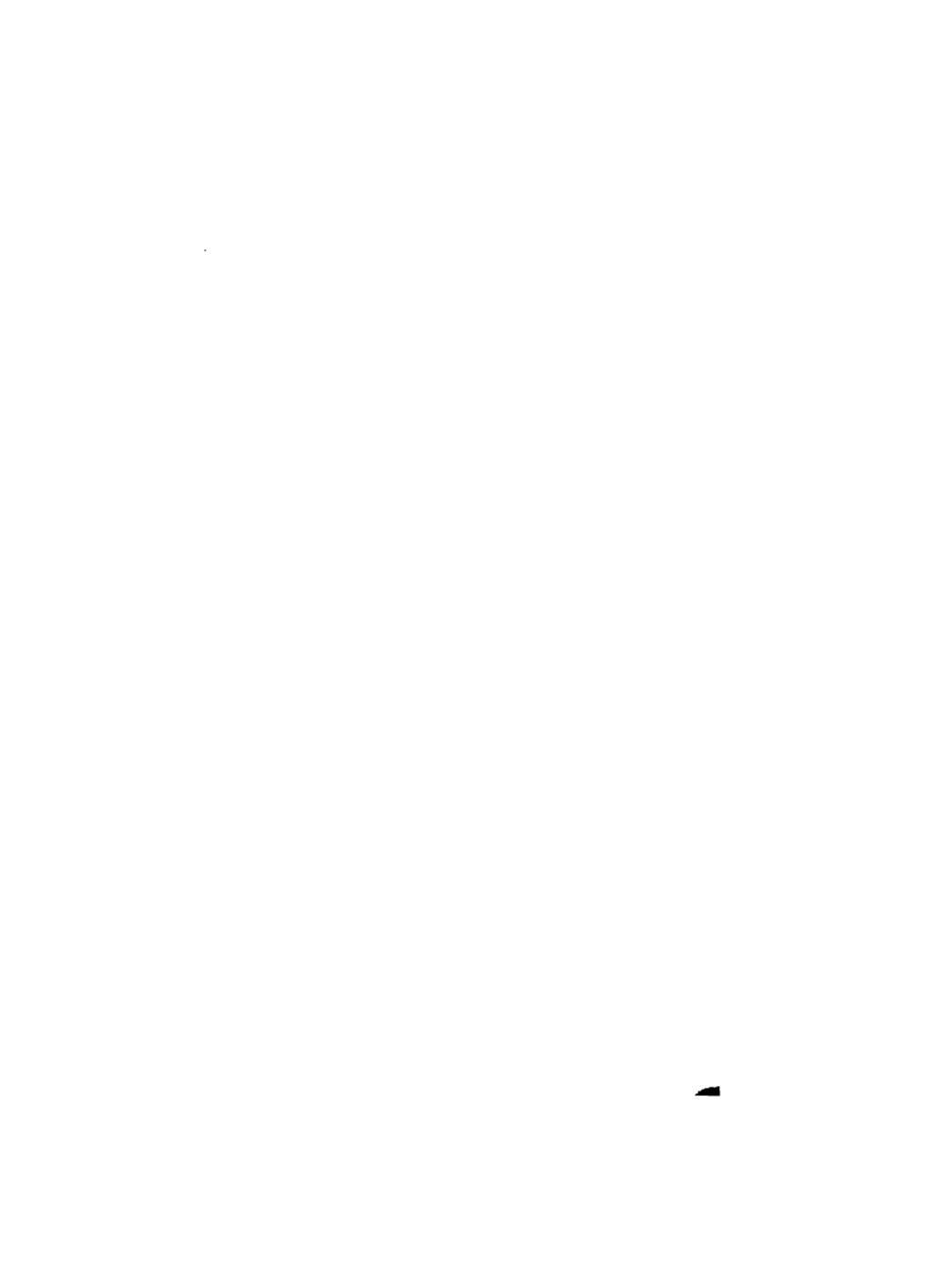
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THE ORPHAN TWINS:

OR

THE ADVENTURES

OR

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

A POEM.

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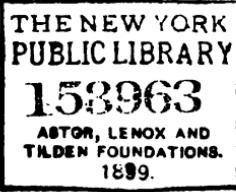
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## TO THE PUBLIC.

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The object which brings forth this unpretending volume, is to aid, by profits hoped to accrue from its sale, in the erection of a plain and suitable place of worship for the Members of the United Brethren's (or Moravian) Church, residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. They have for two years past been endeavoring to collect funds for this purpose; and among themselves, chiefly, they have raised sufficient to purchase a site for the building.

Their numbers being small, and their means limited, might seem not to sanction the undertaking. They have, however, another end in view, and it is more on this ground, that they are anxious for an establishment in Brooklyn, and which emboldens them to apply to the religious community, and friends at large, viz: the support and extension of the *Mission Cause* of the Moravian Church, which has heretofore received liberal contributions from its city congregations.

The Brethren's missions are extending gradually to more and more remote portions of the earth; but the Society find themselves unable, with all their efforts and earnest desires, to

occupy the regions constantly opening to them and craving the blessings of the gospel. A number of missionary volunteers are anxiously waiting to enlist and serve in the cause; and the Society is only prevented by the lack of means from answering every demand.

The narrative portion of the Poem here presented, was mainly suggested by the relation of circumstances, *given as facts*, in "Bouilly's Conte Populaire," a short translation of which was published some years ago. It was chosen by the author as being suitable for interweaving with it the matter contained in the Poem, and for which he is responsible. The scenery is drawn from nature, being places visited by himself in this and neighboring States; and he ventures to express a hope that the work may advance the undertaking for which it was written.

N. B. Donations for the erection of the Church, (or the missionary fund direct, if preferred,) will be thankfully received by Rev. D. Bigler, 522 Houston-st.; A. Bining & Co., 141 Broadway, New-York: Robert S. Prince, and E. Marks, Brooklyn; the pastor of the Moravian Church, 74 Race-street, Philadelphia; and Isaiah Mankin, Baltimore.

## THE ORPHAN TWINS.

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### PART I.

#### Description of the Birth-place of the Twins.

FAR in a vale, a soft sequestered vale,  
Whose verdant meadows yield a grassy store,  
That give their fragrance to the peaceful dale,  
And pleasure to the eye which scans it o'er,—

A mountain ridge, a rugged girdling chain,  
Seems jealously to guard the valley fair  
From Folly, Pomp, and all the evil train  
Which make this world, to man a desert drear.

The lowing herds partake the tender blade  
While wandering slowly o'er the sunny fields ;  
Or seek repose beneath the Elms' deep shade,  
When noon-tide's heat o'er languid nature steals.

The half-mown meadow breathes with incense rare,  
From many a swath and stack of hay it wells,  
And not a sound disturbs the drowsy air  
Save where the Gryllus' notes in choral swells.

'Neath yonder spreading oak's inviting shade,  
Supinely stretched the weary reapers lay,  
The teams unharnessed idly round them tread,  
The oaken wains stand piled with scented hay.

Here winding streamlets cool the sultry air,  
And dazzlingly reflect the solar rays,  
And wreath-like vapours rise engendered there,  
With rich festoons the evening skies to grace.

They glow or fade with an unequal light,  
Until the glimmering beams the clouds desert  
And leave them to the cold embrace of night,  
Dissolved in dews they back to earth revert.

Imperious Fashion finds no votaries here,  
Who tremblingly obey her haughty sign,  
And bow beneath her laws with greater fear  
Than to a mandate in the code divine.

Nor wealth voluptuous reigns a tyrant bold,  
And rule demands in supercilious tones,  
Exacting honor to his birth and gold,  
And homage where his God accorded none.

Near by the village on a crowning hill  
The House of Prayer conspicuous long had stood,  
A simple structure raised with care and skill,  
Where all might worship and revere their God.

Embosomed mid o'er-arching trees, it stands  
A monitor to all who dwell around ;  
Its spire, the gaze to brighter worlds commands,  
Where dwell the souls of saints entombed around.

Those mossy slabs, those mouldy crumbling stones  
Conceal the dust with beauty once enshrined ;  
And noble hearts perchance bestirred the bones,  
Inspired to bless and elevate mankind.

This Church, the source from whence descend the [streams  
Of blessing rich which o'er the valley flow ;  
Whence wisdom's light pours forth her heavenly beams,  
And knowledge, greater than the worldlings know.

Proportion, Order, Neatness dwell within,  
No ornature profuse, as vain is given  
To tempt the soul to wander and to sin,  
And draw to earth the spark inflamed of Heaven.

No Tyrian dyes stream o'er the aisles and desk,  
Nor are Light's pinions dipped in mottled rays  
To touch the cheek with changeful hues grotesque,  
Or make "strange fires" seem on her altars blaze.

No shades impure profane the holy place,  
Or fire the gloom with an unhallowed ray,  
No windows, lantern-like, the casements grace,  
But through them streams the glorious light of day.

If Heavenly scenes are fraught with joyous light,  
And all their hosts in endless glories shine,—  
Should not the fanes of worship here look bright,  
And emblems be of purity divine ?

The seeking mourners, contrite and sincere,  
Who walk life's humble paths removed from show,  
Can they within the Church refined appear—  
Be hailed and welcomed in the dainty pew ?

How would the throng luxuriously receive  
The Apostles as they lowly trod the earth,—  
The men who fished and toiled from morn to eve,  
And sprung from parents of an humble birth—

Would these the Saviour and his train endure ?  
Would shame of them be mirrored in their cheeks ?  
Or would they be, as to the Jews of yore,  
A “stumbling block, and foolishness to Greeks.”

Man finds too much around the stately pile  
To foster pride within his erring soul,  
Religion seeks abodes less prone to guile,  
To woo the heart unto her sacred goal

The Temple is Eternity's Exchange,  
And life or death 's the fearful stake at hand,  
New fortunes daily round the winners range,  
Insolvency 's the loser's fatal end

A hand recording round the Temple moves,  
A piercing eye the sanctuary fills,  
It is “ the House, the God eternal loves,”  
“ The Habitation where his honor dwells.”

## PART II.

The Orphans' Abode—Account of their Childhood—Of their  
Parents—Death of Father and Mother.

Within the smiling vale a Cottage stood,  
The home of plenty, all unknown to pride,  
To Commerce, Fashion, and the worldly crowd  
Who scorn the poor, each other oft deride.

And childhood here a happy dwelling finds :  
Here lived in infancy a girl and boy  
Who were a pair of lovely, gentle Twins  
That filled their parents' hearts with hopeful joy.

A cradle joint the rosy infants share,  
Together they are nurtured and caressed,  
The same unwearying mother guards the pair,  
Or clasps them fondly, to a common breast.

'Twas she the prattling tongue to speech beguiled,  
Decoyed the timorous feet the floor to pace,  
With bauble onward lured the tottering child,  
Till caught, just falling, in her warm embrace.

More loving lovely grew the Twins each year,  
Like nestling doves each others' arms they sought,  
Or to the fields in frolic they repair,  
And each to each a world of pleasure brought.

Their pliant wills obedience were taught,  
Their foibles curbed, their opening virtues trained;  
And though they mingled in the childish sport,  
The learning of the village school they gained.

The humble Mother taught with pious care  
Her darling Twins the suppliant knee to bend,  
And up to God, who "hears and answers" prayer,  
Their early vows, and wishes pure to send.

Their honest Father, plied a thrifty trade,  
His faithful earnings blest their neat abode,  
The loving wife, their mutual toil repaid,  
And peace and comfort from their union flowed.

But Death soon frowned upon this happy group,  
And o'er it poised his dread unerring dart, [droop,  
The Twins were doomed 'neath sorrow's weight to  
And bear bereavement's drear and poignant smart.

The tyrant grim destroyed the joyous home,  
And now the virtuous Sire he claimed his own,  
The tender Wife, alas ! with grief o'ercome,  
Soon followed him to an untimely tomb.

Twelve summers' suns had on the children shone,  
Not far they'd wandered from their mother's side,  
They now were left forsaken and alone,  
Like fragile barks thrown on an ocean wide.

They, little conscious of the dreary waste,—  
The billows rude and desolating storms,  
'Mongst which their vessels frail and weak were cast ;  
Clung wildly weeping in each others' arms.

On high the children raised a suppliant look, [prayer,  
And breathed to Christ, "the child's best friend " ;  
His Sovereign aid they fervently invoke,  
And plead the orphan's right unto his care.

Nor did they plead in vain,—His gracious ear  
Is ever open to the mourner's cry,  
He sent his angels to the sorrowing pair,  
And bid them “camp about” their path-way nigh.

Bright are the troops which march with airy tramp,  
And cheer the heart, the faltering steps sustain,  
Unseen around these ærial guardians camp,  
Too pure, too lucid they, for mortal ken.

## PART III.

The Twins are taken to the home of a friend, where they remain until his death—The misusage of his son forces them upon the world for support.

Soon with a friend, the orphan pair were blest,  
Who kindly wiped the scalding tears away,  
Restrained the anguish rankling in their breast,  
And as a parent did their fears allay.

Five happy years again their course had sped ;—  
With busy hands they sought their friend to pay  
For all the bounties which he round them spread,  
And kindness he bestowed from day to day.

The grateful brother learned the fields to sow,  
With skill the sister plied the needle bright,  
While both in beauty, as in stature grow,  
Grace and simplicity in them unite.

But adverse clouds again with gloom impend,  
Spread o'er their sky but lately so serene ;  
Death's grasp deprives them of their parent-friend,  
And fills their varied cup with anguish keen.

Their late protector's son, a graceless churl,  
The boy o'ertasks beyond his years and strength,  
With drudgery vile he pressed the tender girl,  
And, from his cheerless roof drove them at length.

By hostile winds once more their barks were tossed,  
They seemed deserted by the smiles of Heaven,  
Those smiles so dear, and by them valued most,  
Which to their path a cheerful light had given.

A home apart with ease, they might obtain,  
If distant fields to till he could resolve ;  
Here would a friend the gentle maid maintain ;  
And thus in spheres removed, they might revolve.

But how could he the toils of life endure  
Without her cheering voice to nerve his arm,—  
And how could she that solace sweet procure [warm.  
Which from his presence beamed so bright and

For them to part would break that mystic tie  
Which did so much enhance their humble joy ;  
That mystic link impaired it would well nigh  
Each stay and charm of life fore'er destroy.

The faithful Edwin could not her desert  
The coldness of the world alone to feel ;  
A sister's care for him she must exert,  
Supply his wardrobe and the rustic meal.

Like saplings joined they must together bind,  
And strengthen as the blast more rudely blows ;  
More firmly round each other they must wind,  
And fondness heighten with increasing woes.

Now Heaven from them its face appeared to hide,  
They were deserted by a cruel world,  
Their trust in God by suffering rare was tried,  
As o'er them thus his sore afflictions rolled.

As crucibles the metal's value prove,  
And as its lustres rise when purged of dross,  
So brighter, holier grew the orphan's love,  
And drew them nearer to the Saviour's cross.

The coldness of mankind they meekly bore,  
And humbly bowed beneath their chilling gaze,  
Though smote by God they worshipped him the more,  
Their stricken hearts gushed forth in streams of  
praise.

## PART IV.

A wealthy farmer, learning the forlorn condition of the  
Orphans, opens an asylum for them beneath his roof—A  
new and severer calamity befalls them.

A Cotter rich compassionates their fate,  
Who saw them struggling with such hardships rude,  
And won, by love so changeless and so great,  
Upon the orphans sad a home bestowed.

Five quiet years 'gain winged their rapid flight,  
The brother tilled with care the ample fields,  
The poultry did the sister's help invite,  
And cheerfulness to both its pleasure yields.

Her smile made light the labors of the day,  
In converse sweet they passed the eventide ;  
Or to the brooklet's bank they wind their way,  
And like its waters smooth their moments glide.

With tranquil bliss their hearts now overflowed,  
Toward their friend with gratitude they beat,  
Their prayers for him rose teeming to their God—  
Their joy was full, their rapture was complete.

'Twas but the lull portending soror woes,  
Like Etna's sleep before he wakes in rage,  
And wild destruction o'er the landscape pours,  
And writes the deed fore'er on Nature's page.

The fields were ripe—the harvest-moon was nigh,  
Both old and young the golden treasures greet,  
And brawny arms their vigorous strokes apply,  
To reap, to gather, and to stack the wheat.

And Edwin always foremost of the band,  
Ambitious, agile, of the strong the chief,  
The first and last afield with ready hand  
Raised on the cone the last and crowning sheaf.

The day was sultry, clouds o'erspread the sky,  
And lightning played around their frowning brows,  
As Edwin proudly poised that sheaf on high,  
A ruthless bolt its ire on him bestows.

That stroke resistless hurled him to the ground,  
Breathless and scathed its victim senseless lay  
Amid the charred sheafs bestrewed around,  
And death seemed gloating o'er his prostrate prey.

The reapers stunned, soon drew around the spot,  
They gazed and feared their loved companion dead,  
Until a sigh their eager hearing caught,  
And opening eyes a dubious lustre shed.

No sound escaped his vainly moving tongue,  
But feeble signs made known, his head the place,  
Where that dire bolt had most unpitying stung,  
And yet no eye the fatal blow could trace.

But when they raised him with an awkward care,  
His limbs hung powerless in their brawny hands ;  
Benumbed and cold, and paralyzed they were,—  
His state forlorn, their sympathy commands.

His comrades on a wagon placed the lad,  
Which homeward bore the palsy-stricken swain,  
So joyous in the morn, but now so sad,  
So wrung with anguish, and subdued with pain.

With tearful eye, with slow and heavy tread,  
Moved on that mournful, melancholy train,  
And oft they feared the breath of life had fled,  
Whene'er the pallid youth would swoon again.

To Emma, when the woful tidings flew, [crush :  
'Twas feared, with grief her loving heart they 'd  
And, as the lifeless object met her view,  
It seemed that madness o'er her brain would rush.

A shriek, she much had struggled to control,  
Escaped at length her agonized breast,  
While o'er her cheeks the tears of sorrow roll,  
But for his sake the gushing tide repressed.

No arm but hers should raise him to the couch,  
No breast but hers should bear his wounded head,  
No eye but hers the darling twin should watch,  
No hand but hers the downy pillows spread.

Her prayers ascended to the throne of grace  
In faith, they rose in sweet and fervid stream,  
They plead that life again might light his face,  
That pleasure from his eye again might beam.

She knew she ne'er entreated God in vain ;  
And while she knelt assurance nerved her heart,  
She felt that angels camped around again,  
And blessings rich they would to them impart.

Faint signs of life 'ere long her faith rewards ;  
As he his eye casts wandering round the place,  
No resting point for it the room affords,  
Until it meets his sister's ardent gaze.

A transient smile the sufferer's lips now curl,  
He seems to recognise his Emma dear,—  
"He knows, he knows me !" cried the joyous girl,  
"And yet will live ! and yet my life will cheer."

"To me my gracious God has Edwin spared,  
The means He 'll grant my brother to restore,  
Together we were born, were nursed and reared,  
And thus we 'll live, and thus will life give o'er."

Her well known voice his inmost soul did reach,  
His love to her he would in turn have told,  
But his mute tongue refused to utter speech,  
Or ills describe which did his limbs enfold.

"Twas all he could to point with trembling hand  
Unto his head, and then by signs proclaim  
That there the springs of ill and pain expand,  
And spread like poison through his tortured frame

Physicians skilful viewed his painful case,  
And gathered hope as reason had not flown,  
That consciousness would yet again take place,  
And health and vigor would once more return.

Thus days and nights with anxious watching passed,  
Before his mind from lethargy awoke ;  
Sister ! the word by him pronounced at last,—  
How sweet the sound, what love that word bespoke.

Now joy again revives within her breast  
When those lost tones salute her listening ear,  
It whispered Reason still her seat possessed—  
Her twin restored would yet her days endear.

Soon to his arms vitality returns,  
His tongue grows more obedient to his will,  
" My comfort, help," he cries, in moving tones,  
" Take pity, sister, aid me with your skill."

“Oh yes !” she sweetly, eagerly replied,

“ My well loved brother, spring of every hope,  
My pleasure ’t is thy wishes to provide,  
And plead that blessings on thy head may drop.”

This shaft was winged from Heaven’s unerring bow,  
And where it strikes a blessing bars the dart  
For those it loves, then sweetly heals the blow,  
And joys arise from every chastening smart.

If, as she spoke, a heedless kiss she pressed  
Upon the cheek her bosom fondly bears,  
Convulsive pangs then painfully attest  
The ills concealed which still the sufferer shares.

The generous surgeon, all his skill devotes  
Unto the youth, so wracked in mind and frame,  
Each symptom’s change, as carefully he notes,  
As though the case was pregnant with his fame.

A ministering angel he,—though one not rare,  
Who nobly serve unknown the friendless poor,  
And with the needy ever freely share  
The skill acquired by practice, and from lore.

Ill knows the world the good untold they do,  
How oft through summer's heat, or snow, or rain,  
Without reward, by night or day they go,  
To heal the sick and soothe the bed of pain.

## PART V.

Change of abode—Winter—Emma's care—Edwin's dependency.

A change drew near,—the orphans were removed,  
They sought and soon obtained another home :  
To them the villagers their kindness proved,  
And vied to help their wants, dispel their gloom.

A wife their friend had to his home received,  
Who viewed the pair with an ungracious eye,  
Which Emma's heart, so sensitive, aggrieved,—  
She moved her brother to a hut hard by.

Cold Winter comes,—he brings the piercing blast,  
And to the orphans' scanty home dismay,  
They see around his snowy mantle cast,  
And feel his icy breath around them play.

Oh 't was enough to crush the hapless poor,  
When driving snow, like shot, assailed lights,  
And played in merry whirls on sill and floor,  
And winds moaned mournfully the livelong nights.

When morning but revealed the whirlwind's play  
Among the mounds, still rising with the drift,  
That barricades the lane, and choke the way,  
As round and round the twirling eddies shift.

Who estimate the pangs that wring the poor,  
When Winter's terrors round their hovels range,  
When through the rattling sash the keen winds pour,  
And flaps the shutter on its creaking hinge,—

When fields are locked, in chains of ice fast bound,  
And Nature lost in snows that heap the land,  
When skies, with dismal clouds, are curtained round,  
And piercing winds roar hoarse on every hand !

The pair with patience all their ills endure,  
Though shivering oft the sister's heart was light,  
The months so drear and chill resigned she bore,  
And passed, unmurmuring, watching day and night.

Now hovering o'er the sick she smooths his bed,  
Or cools his burning lip, and soothes his brow,  
Or while he slumbers glides with stealthy tread,  
And when he wakens tempts with dainties new.

And while the sick youth's couch her eyes survey,  
Her busy hands their daily cares pursue ;  
Through vigils oft prolonged till dawn of day,  
She toils for bread, supplies their wants though few.

What scene so sure to touch the heart's deep springs  
As woman's noble, self-denying love,—  
What charms her presence to the sick room brings—  
What pleasures rise when there her footsteps move.

Though Resignation calmed the brother's brow,  
He only wept, the sweets of health denied ;—  
He daily saw his sister weaker grow,  
And, in despondency, for death he cried.

He mourned not only o'er his hopeless doom,  
But that he caused his sister's wearying toils,—  
Not only for his health's departing bloom,  
But that for him she bore such grievous ills.

"Oh why those lamentations, Edwin dear !  
They rend my heart !" she tearfully replies :  
"Oh think not you could die and leave me here !—  
Your lonely twin, bereft of all her joys,"—

"God grants me yet the energy to work,  
My failing limbs supports, my hands he stays,  
He 'll tint the dismal clouds though now so dark,  
The storm will pass, and leave us brighter days."

These words consoling, like celestial balm  
To heal the bleeding wounds despair had riven,  
Gave to his troubled breast a blissful calm,  
And raised his drooping soul from earth to heaven.

Encouraged thus the lad resumed his smiles,  
And for returning health new hopes arise ;  
Renewed content the irksome hours beguiles,  
And on his God once more his faith relies.

Afflictions to the wise,—though present woes,  
Contain a germ of bliss in mercy given ;  
More clearly they the "narrow path" disclose, [ven.  
And break the chains that hold mankind from Hea-

## PART VI.

Time—Changes wrought by him—Spring—Edwin constructs himself a wagon—Reflections.

But Time, that leveler great, agrarian true,  
Wheels round the seasons, changes man and place,  
The ruin shows to th' antiquarian's view,—  
Permits him there, a history lost to trace.

Time ope's the records of an ancient state,  
The mystic symbols of a race unknown—  
Which tell the story of an Empire's fate,  
Where all has perished but the sculptured stone.

Time makes the babe a man, the man a corse—  
Exalts the lowly, and the rich makes poor,  
He rights the wronged, to sinners brings remorse,  
He mellows grief, or sends a gentle cure.

While bitter foes he makes in peace embrace,  
With discord he a brotherhood divides,  
He stamps his furrows deep on beauty's face,  
And youth and age within the dust he hides.

Time folds the torrent in a chrystal band,  
The verdant fields with hoary vesture mocks,  
He strips the forest gay with icy hand,  
The earth transforms to adamantine rocks.

Thus now was cast the wintery coat of mail,  
And with the little birds the Twins rejoice,  
In concert with the mountain, hill and dale,  
They sing, forgetting ills, with heart and voice.

The youth could sit, and use his hands and arms,—  
To earn a pittance now with skill he tries,  
And many a pretty toy and trifle forms,  
As to ingenious arts his mind applies.

To build a wagon next the cripple tried,  
In which to ride and seek the fragrant air—  
Behold those village sports, erewhile his pride,—  
But which his stiffened limbs no more could share.

The mindful maiden furnished all required  
The work to prosper, to construct the frame,  
She furnished wood of every kind desired,  
And with the bolt and spring betimes she came.

The secret thought she nourished in her mind,  
Was, that alone her brother she'd convey,  
Among the fields and gurgling streams that wind  
Amid the banks all flowery, green, and gay.

Oft-times misgivings on her bosom weighed,  
If he the jolt and jar could e'er endure,  
While o'er the rugged road she him conveyed,  
When every shock convulsions might procure.

The parish church to 'tend on Easter Day  
Was long his darling wish, and ardent prayer,  
Within that holy fane he longed to pray,  
That he with meekness might his burdens bear.

And there he longed his risen King to hail, [round,  
Who'd sought his heart through sorrow's painful  
And led him by a way which ne'er could fail,  
"A way he knew not" never could have found.

He learned that sorrow was the mournful road  
By which life's pilgrim journeys on to Heaven,—  
He knew, though rough, 'twas moist with Jesus' blood,  
To it His foot-prints sanctity had given.

The girl's devotion all the village won,  
Her many friends to pay her honors ran—  
When learning on the coming Easter morn,  
She was to try her fondly cherished plan.

The Church's beaten path by morning's dawn,  
Was laid with straw, affection's hands had spread,  
That when the car was o'er its surface drawn,  
No jarring shock could harm the sufferer's head.

The Cotters saw on that eventful day,  
The girl delighted, harnessed to the car :  
They saw her thread triumphantly the way,  
And bear her brother to the fane afar.

The lane was thronged with sympathizing friends,  
Who wept to see devotedness so rare ;  
But with their tears a quiet sweetness blends,—  
They'd felt her griefs, her pleasures now they share.

The honor of the task she yields to none,  
With none the grateful toil would she divide,  
No other could such gentleness have shown,  
Or make the car so smoothly onward glide.

Still was the maid bewildered with surprise,  
To see the neighbors' much admiring looks,  
And hear their warm congratulations rise,  
Their praise sincere, as onwardly she walks.

Thus in the Temple pure they come once more,  
Their prayers and labors with success were crowned,  
They could in God's appointed place adore,  
And seek the blessings rich which there abound.

Oh ! there Religion's fountain calmly flows,  
And "oil of gladness" pours in streams around,  
Dispensing Love, and Peace, and sweet repose,—  
The sovereign virtues of her springs profound.

Those gifts they sought with virtues so endowed  
They fit the mortal for the spheres sublime,—  
Those gifts so slighted by the thoughtless crowd,  
By pleasures lulled, entranced by things of time,—

With eager grasp they 'd hold the meteor's flash,  
And yet the sun enduring they forsake,—  
For transient joys with headlong speed they rush,  
But those eternal, they refuse to take.

The Twins were raised,—a sweet celestial glow  
Inspired their souls with high, ecstatic joys,  
Unearthly they, as angels only know,  
And those prepared for bliss beyond the skies.

Christ was the goal to reach they hourly strove,  
Where'er with Him their weary souls might rest,  
And quaff the waters of eternal love,  
With beings ever joyous, ever blest.

A point affecting in this humble scene—  
Most deeply touching to their childlike hearts,  
Was when the pastor with a voice serene,  
To both his benediction he imparts.

The meek and reverend man, himself impressed  
With love paternal for the orphan pair,  
His flock with truthful eloquence addressed,  
And for the Twins breathed forth a fervent prayer.

Then with endearing kindness in his tones,  
He gave a blessing to the generous maid ;  
"Take courage, daughter, God the faithful owns,  
He shields the good, the constant e'er will aid."

Sweet was the solace which these words conveyed,  
To Emma's gentle heart, so pure and meek,—  
That blissful moment years of toil repaid,  
And bathed with joyous tears her glowing cheek.

With grateful look the youth his sister seeks,  
(A heaven of love seemed centered in that glance,)  
Eternal bliss in gushing prayers bespeaks  
For her, who'd served him with such love intense.

In Heaven there dwells an all-pervading light,  
Throughout its endless hosts diffusing joy,  
Where shining most dispensing most delight,  
That glorious light, divine Humility.

The Seraphs pure, possess that charm divine,  
The highest meekly bow in that bright clime,—  
E'en Christ we saw with lowly graces shine,  
When bending most, appeared the most sublime.

What more required a Paradise to form,  
Than love for others should each action stir,—  
How bright that realm, how full of every charm,  
Where “each in honor” shall his kind prefer.

While Pride, unchecked, the fairest world would curse,  
And fill with pain and woe the happiest race,—  
Love, Joy, and Peace, before his frowns disperse,  
And Discord rules in their deserted place.

## PART VII.

Spring passed without any marked amendment in the youth's condition—Resigned at length to his fate, he bade adieu to the idea of regaining the use of his limbs—He meets an old soldier—His tale and its consequences.

Spring now was pressing on her gladsome round,  
Her balmy breath salutes the land again,  
The flowers she opes, makes woods with joy resound,  
And fertile fields to wave with golden grain.

She decks with charms the meadow, plain and grove,  
The bubbling brooks, and forest's deepening shade,  
The lofty mountain, lake, and sheltered cove,  
And woody banks, cascades, and smiling glade.

Still Spring, so kind to all, refused to aid  
The hapless youth, or healthful vigor lend :  
While all rejoiced, the cripple's eye was sad,  
To joyless years he seemed by fate consigned.

One eve, when wheeled as usual to the green,  
Beneath the waving elm's seductive shade,  
Where he was used to view the festal scene,—  
A soldier old the stricken youth surveyed.

He came from lands the scenes of bloody wars,  
Worn down with toils, and marked with sabre  
He came to visit friends, display his scars, [strokes,—  
“To fight his battles o'er, enjoy his jokes.”

With soldier's freedom soon he joined the lad,  
Inquired what were his ailments and the cause,  
The simple tale he heard with interest sad,  
And shed a manly tear at every pause.

And then in turn described the conflicts won,  
The shattering charges made by serried bands,  
With bayonets crunching 'gainst the living bone,  
And reeking trophies plucked midst burning brands.

How urged by rattling drum and piercing fife,  
They scale the blazing walls and ramparts high,  
Opposing swords which gleamed in deadly strife,—  
With clenched teeth—defiance in the eye,—

How rushing squadrons thundered o'er the plain,  
With iron hoof, and death-defying brow,  
How rank on rank transfix'd by lance were slain,  
Begrimed with rage, and dying cursed the foe.

And hew the vanquished host sped on with fear,  
How dire dismay o'ercame the manly breast,  
As vollies whistle round the aching ear,  
And troopers stern yet on them madly prest,—

And as when charging o'er the heaps of slain,  
He bore his banner proudly through the smoke,  
A splinter felled him to the gory plain,  
And long he senseless lay from that fell stroke.

He woke at length to anguish and to pain,—  
Convulsions frequent in his wounded head;  
Relief, alas ! he sought for years in vain,  
Till reason nearly from his brain had fled.

The surgeon's healing arts upon him failed,  
His ills so great and dire seemed past control,  
Until an ocean-bath at last prevailed,  
Restored his reason, and his limbs made whole.

He said he was conveyed unto the sea,  
Upon a litter by his Colonel sent ;—  
When there, he plunged beneath the billows free,  
Or to their rush his bruised head he bent.

Each morn's return, and tide's returning wave—  
Seemed richly laden with the balm of health,  
And strength and vigor to the soldier gave,  
The priceless gifts,—beyond the reach of wealth.

With strength, his flagging spirits rose—  
And welcome Hope took refuge in his breast,  
Sweet sleep his eyelids pressed, and soft repose  
Once more, was lured unto his couch of rest.

On crutches soon with thankful heart he moved,—  
Without them next, he bore his growing weight ;  
He then without a staff his vigor proved ;  
By Autumn restoration was complete.

“ Oh where ! how far those baths ! ” the cripple cried,  
“ Say where can I that magic sea embrace—  
My ills, like yours, within its bosom hide—  
Describe the pathway leading to the place ? ”

The way the veteran then recounted o'er,  
The places, names, and towns along the road—  
The distance told, a hundred leagues or more—  
The inns abounding, which the bad, the good.

“A hundred leagues! impossible to me!  
The distance forms a gulf I 'll ne'er pass o'er,—  
And thus I 'll languish to my dying day,  
I ne'er can reach that bright, and distant shore.”

“Cheer up! cheer up! good lad, do not despond,  
Go, where the ocean's billows lave the shore—  
And roll majestic o'er the wastes of sand,  
Their briny foam contains a perfect cure.”

“What, Soldier! strength renerve this useless arm!  
Shall I with powerful grasp the sickle hold—  
Reguide the plough, and cultivate the farm—  
With sturdy arms the woodman's hatchet wield?”

“And shall these shrunken limbs e'er earn my bread—  
Or I my saint-like sister's toils relieve?  
Oh no! such bliss from me has ever fled,  
My sunken fortunes I can ne'er retrieve.”

“ Why ! ” said the veteran, “ if at fifty-four  
Health deigned with life my older limbs to greet,  
Will she not bless with power a youth much more,  
That woos her virtues in her bright retreat ? ”

“ But soldier ! where the *voiture* cushioned o'er,  
And swinging gently on the yielding spring,  
To guard from jolts which tingle through each pore ;  
What wizard waft me gold, or raiment bring ? ”

With ravished ears the sister heard apart,  
The wonders of that health-restoring sea ;  
And high resolves were rising in her heart,  
And sparkling in her dark, and pensive eyes.

Aside the noble girl the soldier sought,—  
Made him re-name the water's virtues o'er,  
The bathing season—least expensive route,  
Which led him to that bright elysian shore.

Alone she thinks, alone she formed her plans,  
Viewed every point, and weighed each evil chance—  
With wisdom's eye her course she keenly scans,  
Though tinged it was so deeply with romance.

## PART VIII.

Emma persuades her brother to be drawn to a Church, where from childhood they had celebrated their birth-day; with the secret intention that it should be but the commencement of a much more extended journey to the sea-shore—Account of the twelve first day's travel.

The Twins had ever on their natal day  
In early June, unto a distant church repaired,—  
A league beyond them, through a shady way, [spared.  
O'er-hung with trees which time untouched had

In silvery tones, and countenance benign,  
The simple maid besought her brother's leave—  
To lead him hence to that endearéd shrine,  
Where they thank-offerings to their God might give.

Her ardent wishes and undaunted will,  
Defied 'the sultry sun, and toilsome way,  
O'ercame the scruples of the youth so ill,  
And drove reluctance with her smiles away.

And Piety, sweet child of heavenly birth,  
With silent pleading urged him to the shrine,  
Where he might raise his soul from wearying earth,  
And heal his sorrowing heart with balm divine.

The maid a longer journey had in view,—  
The holy shrine the first, the brightest stage,  
Where they their withering hopes might 'gain renew,  
And aid celestial in their plans engage.

She'd steel her breast with armor from the skies,  
That she the scoffings cruel might endure,  
Which to the helpless are so like to rise,  
Or wound the feelings of the friendless poor.

Altho' so wild, romantic were her schemes,  
Her wondrous plans were deeply pondered o'er,  
And tho' they seemed the offspring of her dreams,  
Each one the trace of sober wisdom bore.

Before the dawn the dauntless girl arose,  
And hope was sparkling from her radiant face,  
Her cheeks were glowing as the damask rose,  
Her attire humble, flowed with easy grace.

A gleaner's ample hat of braided straw,  
Upon her levely brow did lightly rest ;  
Her frame so slight seemed scarcely formed to draw,  
The ponderous load a mile, or league at best.

“Arouse ye, brother !” Emma cried : “the dawn  
Now breaks ! Aurora's ruddy wings arise,  
And usher in a glorious, golden morn :  
Rich—richer glow the flame-enamelled skies.”

The sweet enthusiast first her God addressed,  
His cheering smiles besought in earnest prayer ;—  
And then with harness strange her form embraced,  
And helped her brother in the well-stored car.

With hasty steps she crossed the sun-lit lawn,  
The sparkling dew she heedless brushed away,  
While through her veins the blood excited ran,  
And high wrought feeling did the maiden sway.

She seemed unconscious of the load she drew,  
Unmindful of the song of matin bird,  
That poured from leafy hedge and thicket too,  
While in her bosom thoughts tumultuous stirred.

Without an earthly friend to help or cheer,  
Up many a rugged steep, by slippery brink,  
Her tender limbs did climb, and with them bear,  
A draught from which the stoutest man might shrink.

And then with slower pace, and converse sweet,  
She cheered the Cripple as she drew him on—  
Thus soon they gained the shrine, the blest retreat,  
Where fainting souls for succour love to turn.

Though toil and heat the ardent girl had flushed,  
Although fatigue her panting breath betrayed,  
The chapel's sight all other feelings hushed,  
But those of joy, which all her soul pervade.

By their familiar seat they kneel once more  
To pay their vows, and shed the suppliant's tear ;  
They pray that God his blessings rich would pour,  
Upon their natal day—and natal year.

But of the twain the girl more eager seemed,  
More deep the feelings moving in her breast,  
More freely o'er her cheek the fountain streamed,  
While she her God devoutly thus addressed :—

To thee, my heavenly Saviour !  
I raise a fervent cry,  
To supplicate thy favor,  
And keep Thee ever nigh ;  
Oh, come ! my King most precious,  
Come, dwell within my breast ;  
Give me those joys delicious,  
Reserved for the blest.

Whene'er my strength is waning,  
And weary grows the road,  
Oh, then thy arm sustaining,  
Extend to ease the load.  
And should I ever murmur,  
Embittered with my lot,  
Then make my love grow warmer,—  
Forgive each sinful thought.

And when the shades of evening,  
In darkness veil the land,  
When cheer my pathway 's leaving,  
And terrors round me band,  
When not a friend is near me,  
To calm my troubled heart,

Then with thy arm protect me,  
And bid my fears depart.

And as I 'm heavenward gazing,  
O Lord ! assist my sight,  
Reveal those scenes amazing,  
Which yield such rapt delight ;  
Display the crystal river—  
Where life's pure waters roll,  
Which flow and sparkle ever,  
Free for the thirsty soul.

Let me behold one moment,  
That city jewelled bright,  
Where glory reigns all potent,  
Enrapturing the sight ;  
Those walls of dazzling brightness,  
Of sapphire, jasper, beryl—  
Whose gates of shining whiteness  
Are leaves of massive pearl.

I fain would view the lustres  
Of heavenly scenes divine,—  
I long to reach the clusters  
Of Eshcol's fruitful vine—  
3

To taste the luscious honey,  
The richness of the milk,  
The mellow fruits so sunny  
With rinds like glossy silk.

I'd have that music stealing  
Upon my ravished ear,  
Which in that region's pealing  
Melodious through the air,  
Those songs so sweetly thrilling,  
Which heavenly harpers raise,  
And ever there are swelling  
To fill thy courts with praise.

I would behold the treasures  
Of Zion's sacred hill,  
And trace the lasting pleasures  
Which e'er the bosom fill.  
I ever would be musing  
Upon that scene sublime,  
Where God Himself's infusing  
Through that celestial clime.

Oh ! Paradise imperial !  
Illumined by that sun,

Whose radiance immaterial  
Proceedeth from God's throne—  
Where Kings and Priests forever,  
With bliss and glory full,  
Dwell with their Lord and Saviour,  
And "God is all in all."

## PART IX.

Edwin perceiving his sister deeply absorbed and moved, inquires the reason, and is informed she contemplates drawing him to the sea-shore, and of her plans and provisions—Edwin assents—their pleasurable hopes.

The youth observed his sister's heaving breast,  
And plenteous tears fast trickling down her cheek ;  
The feelings deep with which she was oppressed,  
Of untold griefs they sadly seemed to speak.

“ How strongly moved, dear sister, you appear,  
Oh tell me why those tears affecting flow,  
What new-born struggle, and what grief severe,  
With deepening shadows veil your saddened brow ? ”

“ And why,” she answered, “ should I still conceal,  
The plan I 've formed and long have pondered o'er :  
I must, dear Edwin, now at length reveal,  
The means which will I trust your health restore.”

“ And how would you this precious blessing gain ? ”

“ By ocean baths ;—I ’ll draw you to the sea.”

“ Your strength, oh ! sister ! never will sustain

The load my wagon and myself would be.

“ And how the needful gold would you procure

To purchase food, while through those lands we

And if the weary march you could endure, [roam :

How shall we reach again our distant home ? ”

“ Your questions earnest I can satisfy,”

The charming girl, with dimpling smiles replied ;

“ An ‘ olden glove ’ the money will supply,

Which in my bosom I ’ve securely tied.

“ This from my earnings I with care have saved,—

’T is quite enough to serve the journey through ;

And when the sea your shrunken limbs has laved,

Health to your system will return anew.

“ Then hand in hand we ’ll walk, and side by side,

Rejoicing to our homes again return,

Thankful to God on whom we ’ve e’er relied,—

To whom more brightly then our love shall burn.

"Bethink you of those cheering words so dear  
He placed within the pastor's mouth, for you !  
'T is God protects you, bids you take good cheer,'—  
As morning's light he will your strength renew."

"I will by you most dauntless girl be led,—  
God's blessings will the needful strength convey,—  
At noon, like clouds, they 'll hover o'er your head—  
By night, like stars, they 'll cast a guiding ray.

"That fond affection and unwavering faith,  
Which dwell securely in your loving breast,—  
Will bear you harmless o'er the rugged path—  
Remove the dangers which would you molest."

And then the mutual love which joined the two,  
And cast around them such a magic grace,  
Spontaneous from its depths burst forth anew,  
And bound their forms in one prolonged embrace.

And now their hearts refreshed with joy divine,  
Encircled sweetly in its sacred fold,  
They felt that inward peace and power benign, [hold.  
Which through life's storms the child of God up-

With courage noble and with hopes elate,  
Their blood coursed freely, and their hearts beat high,  
Their features smiling told their happy state :—  
Away, away, they eager were to fly.

They 'd launch their vessel on life's sea once more,  
And trust its safety to the deep blue wave,  
They 'd weigh its anchor from the rock-bound shore,  
And once again the ocean's depths they 'd cleave ;—

And hie to scenes removed from pain and strife,  
Where skies are bright, and landscapes all are fair,  
Where kindness sweetens every throb of life,—  
A land unknown to want, untouched by care ;—

Where tuneful hearts in blissful union chime,  
And mutual loves in souls congenial glow,—  
Where tranquil hours flow down the tide of time,  
Diffusing sweetness as they onward flow.

## PART X.

The Twins pursue their journey—Painful effects of the exertion upon Emma.

They take the road,—while hopes their hearts beguile,  
And tread the highway of a country vast,  
They journey through a great age-beaten aisle,  
Where track on track defaces still the last.

Along its margin now the maiden skirts,  
She onward moves with slow and steady pace,—  
And novel scenes the journey e'er diverts,  
And nature charms with ever-varying face.

When noon-tide comes, they seek some shady bower,  
From heat secluded, and the idlers' look,  
They take their humble meal, and pass the hour,—  
Or sweetly rest within the leaf-bound nook.

When day was verging in the shades of night,  
Repose they sought within some comely inn,  
Such as with slender purse they could requite,  
Nor oft this comfort they besought in vain.

The paved village and the crowded town,  
She skirted round and passed with anxious care,  
She'd fain avoid the streets of rugged stone,—  
The vulgar gaze, the mob's uncourteous stare.

Once intersecting streams her skill defied,  
Made her resign her charge to guides unknown,  
And on a litter which her care supplied,  
They bore him safely through the dreaded town.

Unlooked-for barriers oft their road impede,  
And rugged hills, and steep ascents abound,  
O'er mountains drear the winding pathways lead,  
Where rains have washed in ruts the flinty ground ;

Where powerful horses bend beneath their loads,  
Pant as they struggle up the craggy sides, [roads,  
Their mighty strength scarce bears them o'er the  
While many a lash their tardy pace abides.

What wonder then the gentle Emma flagged,  
And almost sunk upon the rocky way,  
Or that her blistering feet so weary lagged,  
And scarcely would her iron will obey.

Yet every halt she made of painful rest,  
Revealed her brother's look of anguish keen,  
And showed how deep for her he was distressed,  
Although her pain from him she sought to screen.

Still, for his sake would she her state disguise,  
And would with pleasing tales the way beguile,  
To hide her sufferings unrefreshed she'd rise,  
Resume her burden, and her sunny smile.

Full many a lengthening hill, and mountain high,  
And many a blooming vale and sunny plain,  
The youthful pilgrims in their march passed by,—  
Though weary oft, each would disguise the pain.

For twelve long days she onward toiled a main,—  
How fierce so e'er the sun displayed his beams;  
Thro' pathways still bemired with recent rain, [streams  
Which floods the land, and swells the mountain

But each new day they hailed the glimmering dawn,  
Refreshed by rest, and sanctified by prayer,—  
Their hearts harmonious with the tuneful morn,  
They rose with joy to breathe the fragrant air.

Each simple flower which bloomed in lowly grace,  
Each slender vine which sought the oaken arms,  
Each grassy-blade adorning nature's face, [charms.  
Engaged their thoughts, supplied the hour with

The forest grand, enwrapped in deep repose,  
Where Solitude profound maintains her court,—  
Her temple here in solemn grandeur rose,—  
For Contemplation's sweet and loved resort.

These silent shades inspire the grovelling mind,  
Beyond this soul-corrupting world to rise ;  
Enfranchised from the ties which bind mankind,  
It soars enlarged, ennobled to the skies.

## PART XI.

The Twins reach a cultivated highland country amid mountains  
—A soldier's widow residing on the border of a small  
lake, receives them in an exhausted state, and keeps them  
till they recover—The neighboring Church.

The maid with bleeding feet and chafed side,  
Ascends a mountain height, a region blest  
With fruitfulness, to plains oft-times denied ;  
A dreamy spot, a place of tranquil rest.

And here a gentle dame with kindly heart, [pair,—  
Received with welcome smiles the way-worn  
Dressed every wound, soothed every aching smart,  
And nursed them gently with maternal care.

This friend so opportune and full of zeal,  
Affliction's heavy hand had chastened much,—  
Schooled by her frowns she learned for all to feel,  
And grief ne'er failed her sympathy to touch.

The tears which for a spouse beloved had flowed,  
(Upon the field of battle he was slain,) Were now upon the suffering girl bestowed,  
And fast they fell as she beheld her pain.

The widow's kindness to the pilgrim pair,  
Was lavishly supplied with gracious mien,  
Her bounteous home she freely made them share,  
That they their failing vigor might regain.

Quiet the cottage where the widow dwelt—  
Lovely the scenes which round the dwelling smiled,  
Upon a height conspicuously 't was built,  
And many a charming view the Twins beguiled.

Hence they beheld a dream-like lake out-spread,  
Around it lofty trees where eagles perch ;  
And yonder smiling by the lakelet's head,  
Peered forth to view the humble country church.

Within the hollow of a rolling lawn,  
The building white, peeps through a leafy screen,  
From gazing eyes it is in part withdrawn,—  
And mantled modestly by forest green.

It fronts the road that nears the sylvan lake—  
Whence tangled thickets hide its sheet from view ;  
The structure rude embosomed in the brake,  
Was reared to God, and shared his blessings too.

Truly, an unpretending fane it is,  
Though reared for purposes the most sublime ;  
Here mountaineers are taught the way to bliss—  
Their thoughts to raise beyond the things of time.

'T is Sunday morn,—afar the Twins discern  
The hardy woodman hitherward repair ;  
Here, from their week-day toils, for rest they turn,  
The soul-inspiring word of God to hear.

That farm-wain old, which tracks the stony road,  
But lately wheeled the summer's harvest home ;  
'T is now with parents and their children stowed—  
Who 'd garner treasures for a life to come.

Descendants these of Covenanters stern,  
They worship now in peace, the Sabbath keep ;  
Here, now to God beseeching eyes they turn,  
Or learn from reverend lips his wisdom deep.

Those hardy features now composed in prayer, [blast,—

Long years have faced the mountain storm and  
Those men so forward bent, the truth to hear,

Are they who felled the ancient forest vast.

Long have they battled with the stubborn soil,

And won from sterile lands a scanty fare,  
They now a Sabbath's rest enjoy from toil,

Far from their gusty hills, away from care.

The church though simple, unadorned the walls,

It echoes still the voice of earnest praise,  
Not the cold strain which from the artist falls,  
But rapture holy, sanctifies their lays.

Misguided they this priv'lege who debase,

And yield a duty to a hireling's care,  
Who trifle thus with a rich means of grace,  
And give through substitutes their praise and prayer !

Oh, glorious rolls the tide of sacred song,

When from a thousand tongues it swells on high,  
When all as one, the thrilling notes prolong—  
And strains majestic vibrate to the sky !

Here Emma worships—then as they disperse  
She lingers—thinks on God's mysterious ways,—  
And on his Son who bore for man the curse,  
Affected deeply, thus to Him she prays;

“ Child of the manger ! yet Being supreme !  
How lowly thy coming, obscure was thy birth ;  
Come hither my soul, repress self-esteem,  
While viewing thy Maker so humble on earth.

“ Deep is the lesson I learn when I view,  
The Lord of the Heavens forsaking his throne,  
Becoming so weak, and stooping so low,  
To save his lost people, so vile and undone.

“ Oh, sorrowful Man !—acquainted with grief—  
Despised of sinners, rejected, undone,—  
Thy merits I 'll plead, O my Lord and my chief !  
Through them I 'd win pardon, and through them  
[alone.

“ Obedient Son ! unwavering Friend !  
Oh may I be clothed in graces like thine ;  
Each duty perform, like thee to the end,  
And whilst serving here, make eternity mine.

“ Lover of foes ! who receiv’st the forlorn,  
    Oh for thy honor, when reviled may I bow :  
When stricken to earth, like thee may I turn,  
    And pray for the foeman, who gave me the blow.

“ Great Shepherd of souls ! thy little one lead,  
    Who is but a lamb that will loiter and stray :  
Pleased with each shadow, allured by each mead ;—  
    Guard me ! or I ’ll perish from thee far away.

“ Saviour Immortal ! Redeemer of souls !  
    Oh ! pluck from my bosom the canker of sin :  
May my heart, like thine, ever open its folds  
    To the cry of distress,—the wailing of pain.

“ Oh Being sublime ! o’er Hell how victorious !  
    Adored by mortals ! and worshipped above !  
Oh let my strains blend with angels’ all glorious,  
    That swell with thy praises, resound with thy love.”

## PART XII.

## Description of the Lake and surrounding country.

A lake here winds among the hills and slopes ;  
Graceful its curves, and serpentine its turns,  
A leafy fringe around its margin drops,  
And many a fairy grove its shore adorns.

Its head, a heart-shaped bay, whose woody shores  
Shelvè boldly downward in unfathomed deeps :  
Upon its left a mountain headland soars,  
Around whose base the rippling water sweeps.

Tall forest trees the heights with grandeur crown,  
The tapering pine shoots out its lance-like head,—  
Here flowering laurel, chesnut, oak, abound,  
Whose varied hues a charm around them spread.

While on the right a tongue of land extends  
Far in the bosom of the beauteous lake,—  
The swelling point in gentle slopes descends,  
And forms a lovely cape, a graceful neck.

Rich are the pastures which this point bedecks ;  
The summer's sun, its grassy curves embrowns,  
The distant cattle dwindle into specks,  
As o'er the mead they take their lingering rounds.

A ponderous wagon moves from stack to stack,  
While sturdy arms throw up the fragrant hay ;  
The farmer-boy leans idly on his rake,  
While round the wain the sunburnt urchins play.

Here winds an olden fence of crooked rail, [flakes ;  
And blackened stones, o'er-grown with lichen  
There sits the thievish crow who 'd fain regale  
Himself on ripening corn he there inspects.

The fairy bay here ends—'tween jutting lands  
The lake compressed bends round a winding way,—  
Till through "the narrows" deep its sheet expands,  
And forms a round and terminating bay.

Here marshy meadows skirt its sylvan sides,  
And water-fowl repose 'mid tangled groves ;  
Within the shades resides the antlered deer,  
And through the gloomy wild he proudly roves.

Beyond, the forest drear and trackless spreads—  
Far as the eye can reach, its shade extends ;  
O'er swampy plains a dusky green it sheds,  
And on the mountain tops with clouds it blends

Full many an ancient ridge, and hoary chain,  
Melt in the distance, mingle with the sky ;  
They sink and rise, they fall, and swell again ;  
Like wave on wave, they strike the wondering eye

There dwell the speckled trout in mountain floods,  
They leap cascades which pour o'er mossy rocks  
Or dive in pools embowered in forest woods,  
Or lurk 'neath logs the freshet's course inlocks.

Here rolled impetuous streams from times remote,  
Foaming through banks themselves had cleft a way  
'Mid rocks they 'd hewn in ages long forgot,  
Their channels widening slowly day by day.

And ever-changing scenes new pleasures wake,—  
The waters, ruffled by the passing gale,  
Look dark and sombre in the mountain lake,  
And crested waves upon its bosom sail.

At noon's approach the breezes die away,—  
When scarce a breath the polished sheet salutes,—  
The stately swan floats listless o'er the bay,  
And not a rival there his sway disputes.

A little skiff now leaves the pebbly shore,  
Propelled by boyish anglers just from school,  
Swiftly it skims the glassy surface o'er,  
As for the darting pike the youngsters troll.

Till tired of sport they let the leaky bark  
Float on with scarce a hand its course to guide ;  
Then lingering by some leafy inlet dark,  
Beneath the flowery bank they slowly glide.

The dreamy tourist sits composed at ease,  
Neglecting book to study nature's charms,—  
And as he muses snuffs the balmy breeze,  
While pleasure ever new his vision warms.

Reposing on the comprehensive scene,  
His mind exults upon the views around ;  
It stretches o'er the vast expanse serene,  
And contemplates creation's works profound.

Allured from ease, roused by the thrilling sight,  
He seeks to penetrate the mountain's glooms ;  
Successfully he scales the rocky height,  
And on the dizzy verge to stand presumes.

To climb the higher cliffs his strength he tasks,  
A pinnacle he gains where winds are high ;  
A stunted shrub, instinctively he grasps,  
As o'er the deep abyss he casts his eye.

A scene majestic to his gaze unfolds,—  
The mighty rivers, cities of the plain ;  
Far 'neath his feet a storm terrific rolls,  
And furious winds drive on the rushing rain.

Sublime the power whose fiat formed the scene,—  
Whose bounteous hand for thronging hosts provide  
Who decks the flower, directs the lightning's sheen,—  
Who rules mankind,—this orb in grandeur guide

## PART XIII.

The Orphans having recruited themselves, resume their journey—They pass by a city—An unpleasant incident occurs.

Beneath the widow's kind maternal care,  
A happy week soon sped its rapid course ;  
The wounds all healed, the renovated pair  
Prepared, with thanks, to leave the generous nurse.

On their departure she declined to take  
The slightest portion from their slender store ;  
Her noble heart, to sympathy awake,  
Felt for the sorrows of the lonely poor.

With admiration, and regard sincere,  
The zealous girl she tenderly embraced ;  
" That power divine," she said, " was ever near,  
On whom her dearest hopes were firmly placed."

Encouraged by the matron's kind farewell,  
The constant Emma "donned her gear once more;"  
Again she climbed the mountain, trod the dell;  
With sunny hope her path seemed gilded o'er.

Her route towards a thronged city leads,  
And much it tasks her skill the mart to shun;  
At length a boat, which, as the day recedes,  
Conveys them safely past the dreaded town.

Beyond its turmoil, now the orphans land,  
Where trials new their wandering steps befall;—  
Here mid their revels was a reckless band,  
Resigned to dissipation's baneful thrall.

They from the city came to banquet here,  
And quaff the sparkling wine cup, uncontrolled,  
While thus engaged the wearied youths appear,—  
On mischief bent the revelers them behold.

With insults rude they tantalized the maid,  
And, as impostors low, they taunted each,  
Some called them swindlers, them the inn forbade,  
While others chafed them with derisive speech.

Sweet innocent ! it seemed her heart would break,  
As to its core the cutting insult flies ;  
Choked was her voice, her tongue refused to speak,  
Though indignation sparkled in her eyes.

The crippled youth aroused, impassioned grew,  
And writhed with anguish, helpless in his chair,  
To feel that he could not chastise the crew,  
Who with their insults galled his sister dear.

“ Base miscreants ! ” exclaimed the lad, “ the proof  
That I’m a cripple, shorn, alas ! of power,  
Is that so tamely I sit here, aloof,  
And your revilings unavenged endure ! ”

This burst of feeling but new gibes provoked,  
And drove them homeless from the hostile door :  
In wearying harness ‘gain the girl was yoked,  
To seek a shelter on the lonesome moor.

Far from those heartless men, her charge she drew,  
While bitter tears rolled o’er her throbbing ~~breast~~ ;  
On, on her trembling steps their course pursue,  
To find a nook their wearied limbs to rest.

At length the wanderers found a friendly willow,  
With drooping boughs, fit emblems of her sorrow ;  
Beneath its shades, she formed a mossy pillow,  
Where they might rest secure until the morrow.

Here lay the twins, entranced in slumber deep,  
With hand in hand intwined, as heart with heart ;  
Their pangs forgotten in that tranquil sleep,  
Whilst happy dreams steal on, all griefs depart.

This dewy night of midsummer serene,  
They passed beneath the starry vault sublime ;  
They felt encompassed by "the troop" unseen,  
From shadowy eve till morning's glowing prime.

What calming voice, what virtue all serene, [breast ?  
That lulled the pangs which pierced their troubled  
What was the charm, to human eye unseen,  
With which the lowly wanderers were blest ?

Lo ! just escaped from insults rude and vile,  
They calmly rest upon the naked ground,  
And sweetly slumber, and when dreaming smile,  
As on a downy couch in peace profound.

Faith was the charm ! the sovereign virtue, prayer !

This soothing cordial was in mercy given,—

The voice, the Holy Spirit ever near,

To cheer the way-worn on their path to heaven !

Yes ! lightly fall the shafts of worldly hate

Upon the prayerful who commune with God ;

He guides, He guards them, and will elevate

Their souls in triumph to his blest abode.

## PART XIV.

They travel peacefully several days—Are overtaken by a storm, and endangered by its severity—They resume their march and reach the sea shore in safety.

Again the road they take at rosy dawn,  
With strength recruited mount the rugged hills ;  
O'er rocky crests the car is safely borne—  
By thymy banks, and ever murmuring rills.

A beauteous streamlet now their hours beguiles,  
Meandering gaily through a grassy plain ;  
With silent flow it glitters on for miles—  
In many a circle, many a curving chain,—

Or skirts the margin of a tangled wood,  
Whose gnarled and twisted roots it brings to view,  
Which still defy erosions of the flood,  
While from its waves their strength they e'er renew.

Another trial they were doomed to bear,  
Before the maid the toilsome journey closed ;—  
A storm at noon arose, and lightning's glare,  
Gleamed thro' the forest where the twins reposed.

The lowering skies now red, then murky black,—  
Whilst deafening thunders poured forth sheeted fire,  
Which to the suffering pilgrim 'gain brought back,  
The dread recurrence of his fits so dire.

And now from Emma's lips ascend on high,  
Most piteous prayers, and piercing shrieks for aid ;  
The forest lonely echoes with her cry,  
But none were near to help the weeping maid.

“ And here,” she asked, “ did I my brother guide,  
That 'gain the blighting stroke on him should light ? ”  
She prayed, with scarce a sin, that if he died,  
The cruel blow might both in death unite.

The tempest ceased,—the orphans were relieved,—  
Their dripping limbs unscathed, unharmed, ap-  
peared ;  
Their bounding hearts with grateful praises breathed,  
As sunny beams again the landscape cheered.

But soon a fever seized the maiden sweet,  
Caused by the pelting of the storm severe ;  
Those awful hours with anguish were replete,  
As terror compassed the devoted pair.

Herself the generous girl in Edwin's woes forgot,  
Her garments failed to change, so drenched with  
Her mind besides, with fear was overwrought ; [rain,  
But few days' rest her health restored again.

An arduous journey still before them lay,  
The mid-way post was miles beyond them yet ;  
But this they reached the twenty-second day,  
And nought of ill their transit there beset.

Their slender stock of precious coin, howe'er,  
Was dwindling slowly from them day by day ;  
Though used with providence and fostering care,  
Yet mite by mite the treasure dropt away.

Refreshed by Heaven, the high-souled twins advance,  
And of their gold become more frugal too ;  
No backward look they cast, no dubious glance,  
But one bright point they steadfastly pursue.

Full many a page the journey yet would fill,  
Replete with noble deeds and courage strong ;  
'T would prove the triumph of an ardent will  
O'er every evil, hinderance, and wrong.

'T would show that Emma wearied, never lagged,—  
Her feet though bleeding never lost their spring,—  
Tho' hardships frowned, her spirits never flagged,—  
Nor Perseverance trailed her dauntless wing.

Occurrences like these oft marked the way  
That yet remained for them to travel o'er :  
At length upon the forty-second day  
They saw the tossing sea and heard its roar.

The grateful sight inspires the girl anew,  
And cares all vanish as the vision opes ;  
Away, away, on wings of joy she flew,  
To reach that shore, the end of all her hopes.

Description mocks the feelings strong and deep,  
Which stirred so wildly in her fervid soul ;  
With superhuman strength she seemed to leap,  
And draw him swiftly to the long-sought goal.

The youth excited though but little less,  
To find accomplished now this great event,  
Still urged her much her ardor to repress,  
Lest overtired her strength might yet be spent.

But no : her restless spirit could not pause,  
Success her labor was about to crown ;  
The quickened car with swifter steps she draws,  
And speeds her way into the sea-girt town.

The question first was how the baths to reach,—  
The answer gained, the cripple thence she bore  
With anxious feelings to the sandy beach,  
Where billowy waves e'er wash the brimming shore.

The sea to them so awful, novel, grand,  
Is gently heaving, tossing to and fro ;  
The undulating waves roll o'er the strand,  
High up the beach impulsively they go.

## PART XV.

The twins meet a company of strangers on the beach, who on hearing their tale, become their friends—The keeper of a hotel gratuitously provides for them—Effect of the Bathing.

Clustered beneath the shadow of a rock,  
A group they saw,—from distant lands they were,  
Who came to seek the billow's healthful shock,  
Or ride their foamy crests like birds of air.

They tarried till the tide's returning waves  
Should bear the flood, careering from the deep,  
Fresh from the ocean's dark unfathomed caves,  
And make the glittering surges round them leap.

Luxurious bath ! delight-inspiring seas !  
Enticing idlers in the surge to plunge,  
Sluggards inviting from the lap of ease,  
And timid damsels from the yielding lounge.

This group intent upon the couple gaze,  
With wondering eye they mark the twins advance ;  
Then gather round, and listen with amaze  
To their strange tale so tinctured with romance.

The gentle Emma told with modest mien,  
The pains and sorrows which her brother bore ;  
And speaking only of his sufferings keen  
Forgot her own—so welcome was the shore.

Then Edwin warmly seized his sister's hand,  
And told in strains most eloquent her praise ;  
How she had drawn him from a distant land,—  
How great her toils, for more than forty days !

The girl to them with angels seemed akin,  
Whom unbelieving tribes would fain adore ;  
They felt themselves half tempted to the sin,  
As home with them the maid they fondly bore.

Triumphantly they carried her along, [town ;  
Her deeds and praise they sounded through the  
Rehearsed her wondrous story to the throng,  
And through the inn emblazoned her renown.

The worthy man who kept that ocean-house,  
A sanctuary opened to the pair,  
Where they might dwell in comfort and repose,  
Enjoy the friendship of the inmates there.

Two hardy surf-men, notable for care,  
For Edwin's use his kind regards provide ;  
He charged them day by day the youth to bear  
Down to the beach, and bathe him in the tide.

Commodious rooms he gave the grateful pair,  
Their every need he cheerfully supplied ;  
Admired by all, by no sojourner there  
Were love or sympathy to them denied.

Nor long had Edwin used these grateful "dips,"  
Ere sense of feeling moved his useless feet ;  
The symptom slowly rises to his hips,  
And once again they glow with genial heat.

Approvingly the doctor nods his head,  
Predicts a happy change as drawing nigh ;  
From irritated limbs, now glowing red,  
Omens of future health he does descry.

How did the heart of loving Emma burn  
Responsive to the change and healthful glow !  
How thankfully she knelt to God in turn,  
Who seemed to crown and bless her labors so !—

Who gave her courage to pursue the way—  
And perseverance which had borne her through ;  
Renerved her faltering limbs from day to day,—  
Each morning giving comforts sweet and new.

And how did Edwin from his grateful breast,  
Pour forth the mingled streams of thanks and joy,  
When he the means to move his limbs possessed,  
And 'gain their latent powers he could employ.

The hopes of both rose like a sparkling fount,  
As by degrees the stiffened joints amend ;  
More joyous still the day when he could mount  
His crutches, like his valiant soldier friend.

Towards his sister first he bent his way,  
With faltering steps, it well may be believed ;  
“ Courage,” she cried ; “ a few more steps essay,”  
As pace and stride the anxious youth achieved.

Ne'er more did mother fond, with joyous heed,-  
Behold the efforts of her eldest born,  
Than Emma, when with smiles she did recede,  
And strove with every art to lure him on ;—

And when he reached her out-spread arms once more,  
Bright tears of joy they mingled with caressing,  
Thus heart with heart, thanksgivings warm they pour,  
To God the giver of so great a blessing.

Soon was the patient able with a crutch,  
To thread the roads and grassy fields again ;  
And next his sister's arm with joyous clutch  
He clasped, to guide his steps, his limbs sustain.

The town entire took interest in the pair,  
And gave them greetings as they passed along ;  
The children even in their joy took share,  
Oft were they join'd by the playful throng.

## PART XVI.

The Twins prepare to return home—How their means are replenished—They are complimented with a *fête champêtre* by the visitors—They return.

September past, the bathing season o'er,  
To journey homeward now the twins prepare ;  
So strong was Edwin, so complete his cure,  
He could unaided to his home repair.

But now their slender means had all dissolved,  
And they were left again without resource ;  
In this dilemma they at length resolved  
To their kind host and friend to have recourse.

In modest terms, to him they went for aid,  
That they their native village might attain ;  
The loan, they pledged their word, should be repaid  
From primal sums they 'd strive to earn and gain.

While thus engaged, some generous maidens fair,  
To duteous Emma haste with willing feet ;  
A tribute of esteem they joyful bear,  
And with it friendship's smiles, the twins to greet.

As deputies of those who sojourned there,  
Whose love the girl's devoted deeds had won,  
A civic feast they proffered to the pair,  
'Fore their departure from the sea-coast town.

The simple maid, bewildered with surprise,  
This gracious call could scarcely comprehend,—  
Think why such honors should for her arise,  
Or why to her such kindness they extend.

Next day in coaches came six damsels fair,  
With them the happy twins they then conveyed  
To shady groves, where flowers embalmed the air,  
Where green the sward, where hemlocks screened  
[the mead.

Upon the velvet lawn, 'neath lofty trees,  
A rural banquet was with skill prepared ;  
Though simple, 't would the daintiest fancy please,  
For taste and plenty smiled upon the board.

Fish and crustaceous food in full supply,  
Then game, and fatted fowls, a course of meats,  
And lastly one of fruits, enchant the eye,  
The palate tempts, the sense with pleasure greets.

The luscious grape in rich profusion laid  
In serried bunches, green, and purple hued ;  
While near to them, musk-melons were arrayed,  
And all with precious flavors were imbued.

The water-melon too, the thirst to quell,  
With flesh translucent, bound in mottled rind,  
So cool and crisp,— in many a crimson cell,  
And pulpy bed, the glossy seeds reclined.

The peach all blushing, double-cheeked, and ripe,  
And plums of ruby, purple, golden hue ;  
Apples of green, and red, and various stripe ;—  
These and the pear, enriched the banquet too.

Flora with gaudy flowers the table graced,  
Which mingled brightly in the rich display ;  
Their gorgeous petals here the fruits embraced,  
There rose in cones, most beautiful, and gay.

Timorous, the persevering girl stood there,  
Clad in the attire of her native land ;  
Her virtues won the homage of the fair,  
Love from the good her merits great command.

The feasting over, now the guests unite,  
And blushing Emma they encircle round ;  
The maidens held a zone of roses bright, [crowned.  
With which her thoughtful brow they sweetly

A matron then with captivating face,  
A purse presented to the worthy pair ;  
A feeling speech she made replete with grace,  
And every charm which can a gift endear.

The gentle speaker said she had conferred  
Upon themselves and sex, a lustrous beam ;  
That all felt bound to yield a due reward,  
To one so worthy of sincere esteem.

With deepening blushes bowed the heroine,  
She knew not how the gift to take or leave ;  
Should she this offering from the heart decline,  
Or as a boon of love the purse receive ?

As thoughts like these flashed thro' her active mind,  
Confusion sweetly marked her features bland ;  
The matron saw her doubts—with tact refined  
The purse she closed in her reluctant hand.

This gracious gift, so kindly on her pressed,  
A mine of wealth to grateful Emma seemed,  
She could not with the sparkling treasure rest,  
Until her debts with it she had redeemed.

Thanks to the liberal owner of the bath,  
Untouched she brought the glittering purse away ;  
Then she made ready for her homeward path,  
While smiles of pleasure round her features play.

The march on foot, they lately had in view,  
Was now to riding changed—a coach they hire,  
And on its top they placed the wagon too,  
That sad memorial of afflictions dire.

The cities, now no more their fear and dread,  
They viewed with pleasure on their journey home ;  
They saw with wonder, as the streets they tread,  
The stately dwelling, palace, spire, and dome.

Nor did they pass the widow at the lake,  
Without a sojourn 'neath her friendly roof:  
To her they gifts of shells and corals make;  
Of love they gave them as a simple proof.

## PART XVII.

Arrival home—Joy of the Villagers—Reception by them and  
the Pastor—Close.

The week was closing, far advanced the night,  
When through the slumbering vale the pilgrims trod ;  
With hearts o'erflowing they in thanks unite,  
Embrace their native land, and kneel to God.

Even now while darkness deep o'erspreads the land,  
Their heart-felt praise in gushing streams they pour  
To Him who held them in His mighty hand,  
And brought them safely to their home once more.

The Sabbath ope'd a bright auspicious morn,  
And soon their advent through the village spread ;  
The brother now the sister drew in turn,  
As toward the church his steady footsteps led.

Their presence joy diffused in every breast,  
And throngs drew round to welcome their return ;  
Chaplets of roses o'er her brows they cast ; [strown.  
And wild flowers sweet were o'er her pathway

Boundless the joy the pastor's words expressed,  
When at the church the youth restored he met ;  
He hailed the wanderers, now returned so blest,  
To fill again their long deserted seat.

Before the service closed, the curate rose,  
And thanked the Lord who did the maimed restore ;  
Emotion deep his faltering tones disclose,  
As he to former words alludes once more.

“ Was not that message sent from heaven thro' me,  
I gave to you when on your journey hence ;  
‘ Take courage, daughter, God your shield will be ;  
The good he owns, and them will recompense.’ ”

He set them forth as patterns to his flock,  
As models bright of charity and love,  
Who leaned on Christ the everlasting Rock,  
That stay which earthly powers can never move.

The twins embosomed in their darling home,  
Enjoy again its tranquilizing rest :  
From worldly conflicts they refined had come,  
Thro' trials chastened, disciplined and blest.

Their souls were tempered by the hand of Time  
They'd brightened in affliction's searching fire,  
Which 'lone could fit them for that heavenly clime  
To which mankind should ceaselessly aspire.

A solemn boon, a serious gift is life,  
Vast the results dependant on its use ;  
Each word, each deed, each thought to us is rife  
With ceaseless blessing, or with endless curse !

No "idle word" escapes Jehovah's ear,  
No secret sin eludes his piercing eye ;  
No evil from its gaze can disappear ;  
Nor can the scorner bold his judgments fly.

Awake ye youths ! inthrall'd in Pleasure's arms,—  
Lulled by her arts, and fearfully deceived ;  
Will ye forego, for her delusive charms,  
Eternal joys too vast to be conceived ?

Oh tremble ye ! involved in sin and fraud,—  
Ye who the helpless spurn, the feeble wrong ;  
Their prayers are marked by an avenging God,  
Whose bolts o'ertake the swift, confound the strong.

Why risk the deathless soul from day to day,  
While in the courts of vanity ye dwell ?  
If winning earth will not that loss repay,  
Why tread the paths whose dismal end is hell ?

Ye reverend watchmen ! guard the holy towers,  
And Zion's trumpet ever loudly blow,  
To warn and shield mankind 'gainst hellish powers,—  
To rouse the sluggard from his sleep of woe.

Shall plaintive cries unheeded pass the rich ?  
Shall they withhold the mite the famished crave ?  
Those trembling limbs which bear that homeless  
Sustain a soul Jehovah died to save ! [wretch,

What fields for sweet employ around appear,  
And who too weak, or poor to culture there ?  
Too feeble who, the sorrowing eye to cheer ?  
Who cannot comfort to the mourner spare ?

That lonely one so sad, and struck with woe,  
Those quivering lips, those melancholy eyes ;  
So oft rebuked proud man no more she 'll sue,  
But up to God will raise her suppliant cries.

That stricken man ! all comfort here denied ;  
Who dwells impoverished on this selfish earth ;  
In Jesus' breast his many griefs he 'd hide :  
His death will prove his spirit's heavenly birth.

The rich, the great, who make not here their heaven,  
Who ope their hearts the needy to supply,—  
And prove just stewards unto talents given,—  
Shall win a trust in beauteous worlds on high.

That humble soul ! who breaks the stubborn land,  
How may the Power Supreme exalt his state ;  
Perchance some glorious world he may command,  
And knowledge vast his being elevate.

Oh life ! oh life 's a serious, solemn thing,  
Its moments pregnant all with weal or woe !  
Its deeds to heaven each moment take their wing,  
And angels keep the records dread and true !

Who knows what mighty means which God may use  
To trace each being's act from age to age ;  
A thousand secret links may each enclose,  
And stamp their history on a deathless page.

And when the Judge shall ope those dreadful scrolls,  
Where stand the records of the evils done ;  
What rocks shall crush them, to what secret holes,  
Shall sinners flee, consuming wrath to shun ?

How will the thoughtless on that awful day  
Call on the good, the prayerful, and the wise ?  
They cannot help—"Depart!" the judge will say,  
While they behold the just to glory rise.

Who can conceive what glorious things await  
The righteous soul who filled his God's command :  
The rich, the poor, the simple, and the great,  
Who faithful proved, in triumph then shall stand !

## ADDRESS.

LITTLE leaves of humble rhyme,  
Now to sail the stream of time ;  
Freighted with a simple story,  
Winged with truths divine and holy ;  
Go ! your errand now perform,  
Whether sunshine, whether storm.

Tarry fondling ! not with me,  
To the world thou now art free ;  
Courage take, nor longer tremble,  
Fears and doubts thou must dissemble ;  
For the cause thou dost espouse,  
Every energy should rouse.

Though with tears thou dost beguile,  
Every tear is worth a smile ;  
Though thy cup is one of sorrow,  
Joy from it a gleam may borrow ;

Though the clouds shed rain and gloom,  
They give earth a verdant bloom.

Though so frail a child thou art,  
Thou may'st win a generous heart,  
That with charity is glowing,  
And with love to God is flowing ;  
Who 'll supply the beaming gold  
Needed by his little fold.

Suppliant ! on thine errand start ;  
Go ! seek out some friendly heart ;  
Whisper that the heathen 's sighing—  
For the gospel light he 's dying,—  
Light that would prepare and save,  
His soul, for bliss beyond the grave.

Oh ! may not the modest dress,  
Which thy stanzas all possess,  
To thine errand prove injurious ;  
(Errand noble, errand glorious !)  
Oh, for it, (if not thy sake,)  
May thy leaflets favor take.

If the world thy pages spurn,  
Then come back—to me return :  
Fluttering, throbbing, drooping, sighing,  
Wanderer ! back to me come flying ;  
Come to me, though keen the smart,  
I will hide thee in my heart.

THE END.









JUN 3 - 1941

